



PIONEER

Winter 2001-2002

PIONEER CHRISTMASSES, p. 4

Published by the Sons of Utah Pioneer

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BY GLEN G. HOPKINSON



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PIONEER

Winter 2001-2002

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COVER ART:

Scene from the movie *Legacy*,
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Published by the Sons of Utah Pioneers

Reflections on a Wonderful Year

The opportunity to serve this great organization in my present capacity has been a great privilege. I am thankful for it.

~~*~*~*

By Dr. H. Alan Luke

Our greatest gratitude should be for our opportunity to be on earth at this special time in history and to those who have made it possible.

The Sons of Utah Pioneers' chapters and members accomplished many commendable projects and activities and realized worthwhile goals this year, the first year of the 21st century. We are confident that we will see more of the same next year under our new leadership.

The accomplishments of our organization—and others like ours—are quite simply the sum of the benefits experienced by individual members and the help others receive as a result of our activities. We measure our success in these terms. I have been greatly impressed, as I have met with various chapter boards and attended chapter meetings this year. We have innumerable great leaders and men of high character in this organization. And we are supported by outstanding wives and family members.

We regret the passing of a number of members. But we are fortunate to have 18 new life members so far this year, and many annual members. Chartered on 13 November, the latest SUP chapter is made up of the largest number of charter members for a new chapter in recent years. Included were the members of a recently released stake presidency; the current and past mayors of Parowan, Utah; and many other well-qualified individuals. The new unit is called "Little Salt Lake," named after a chapter that existed years ago in that area.

Chapters have carried out numerous treks and placed new markers and monuments, along with accomplishing other useful activities. At the risk of overlooking something of equal merit, I want to mention the establishing of a new state park; the awarding of about \$35,000 in scholarships; and the rehabilitating of a badly neglected, large city cemetery dating back to pioneer days. In addition, we note the placing of a fine-looking monument to mark the location of what is now Weber State University and the remark-

able success of our Rexburg encampment.

I think of the pride and satisfaction reflected in the faces of those men who cleaned up the Beaver City cemetery and the appreciation expressed by community leaders for their good work. The degree of our reward for things we do as members depends on how thankful we are for the opportunity to serve, knowing that we have benefited our families and communities. Many good deeds are done without recognition. It is said that there is no limit to how much good one can do so long as he doesn't care who gets the credit.

The opportunity to serve this great organization in my present capacity has been a great privilege. I am thankful for it, and for the benefit of unselfish support and assistance rendered by my lovely wife, Janet. She has been effective and always understanding.

In my initial message to you I stated, in effect, that the happiest people on earth are those who are most thankful and who render the greatest service. Gratitude is not an accident. It is something we each control for ourselves. We all know that "beauty is in the eyes of the beholder." That is true of everything in our lives. You decide for yourself what you like and what you appreciate. The lowliest person can be the most grateful, and the wealthiest the least.

Gratitude is the fundamental concept adopted for our fine organization. We cannot adequately recognize our thankfulness by eating a large meal of turkey and stuffing. Our greatest gratitude should be for our opportunity to be on earth at this special time in history and to those who have made it possible. The Bible tells us that we should honor our fathers and mothers. Countless blessings come from being grateful for our heritage.

Our hearts should always be turned to our families—with equal regard to those we now associate with and those with whom we will join on an unknown date in the future. We cannot appreciate them unless we personally know about them and their lives. Ordinances alone are not enough for this purpose. It is said that no success in this life can compensate for failure in the home. Home does not mean just those who live with us now. Let us redouble our efforts to give homage where it is due.



Thoughts of Christmas

By Mary A. Johnson

As we approach another Christmas season, our thoughts turn to those of past years. We remember Christmases of our childhood and those of later years. We wonder what it was like for the pioneers on Christmas. How did they celebrate? The early Utah pioneers, according to research by Beatrice Baker Malouf, as found in *An Enduring Legacy*, Vol. 12, p. 137, "...brought with them the Christmas traditions that had enriched their past holidays in other lands. Though the scarcity of money and goods may have placed limitations on the number and sophistication of the gifts provided for their families, there was no diminution of the spirit of Christmas in their humble homes." Gifts were modest, but the spirit was great. Santa didn't come in those early years, but later he brought gifts for good little girls and boys as well as for some who may not have been so good.

One of the customs the pioneers brought was that of singing carols, which had been popular in Europe since the Middle Ages. How fortunate we are that this custom has continued through our time. Generally speaking, we do not go out today in sleighs with bells ringing to accompany the carol singing as our pioneer ancestors did. But carolers still go from house to house to bring greetings in song to neighbors, youth groups visit retirement centers to cheer shut-ins with their singing, and choral groups flood the malls with beautiful Christmas music. What would Christmas church services be without the music?

Some of my favorite memories relate to our family singing in our home during the



Christmas season. Perhaps this singing of carols was a gift passed down to us by our great-grandmother, Abigail Smith Abbott, who came west as a widow with the early pioneers. After she was seventy years old she continued to gather the young people of the community and take them Christmas caroling. Is there a better way to tell or hear the Christmas story than with music? Even on that first Christmas morn it was the angels who proclaimed the Savior's birth to the shepherds on the hills.

Christmas Wonderings

*If I had been a wise man
Would I have seen the star?
Would I have crossed the desert?
The distance seemed so far.*

*If I had been a shepherd
Resting on desert hill,
Would I have heard the angels
On that starry night so still?*

*If I had kept a Traveler's Inn
In crowded Bethlehem
And strangers rapped upon my door
Would I have welcomed them?*

*Today there are still wise men
Who follow the guiding star.
Today there are still shepherds
Gathering sheep from afar.*

*Today there are still Traveler's Inns
Where doors are opened wide
A refuge for the weary ones
To find sweet rest inside.*

*The Risen Christ still calls to us
To join the Heavenly Throng,
To cast on Him our every care
And rejoice in Angelic Song.*
—Mary A. Johnson

Have a wonderful Christmas and a New Year filled with Joy and Peace.

Daughters of Utah Pioneers all over the world are working diligently to promote the principles that will bring this joy and peace to families everywhere.

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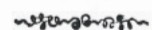
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MISSION STATEMENT

The National Society of Sons of Utah Pioneers honors early and modern-day pioneers, both young and older, for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work, service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity, and unyielding determination. Pioneer Magazine supports the mission of the Society.





Pioneer

I want a real live doll, one that can walk and talk and run . . .

Will you get me one?"
Mother calmly said, "Yes."

These Christmas stories are excerpted from a collection of Christmas memories gathered and distributed by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

A Story to Tell at Christmas

by Rose Ann G. Hafen

The Christmas tree was beautifully lighted and lavishly decorated. I, with great anticipation, every fiber and core of my being throbbing with excitement, watched every move old Santa made, with bells all ajingle and a dress of furs from his head to his toes.

Surely, this pleasant old Santa would not forget me this time, but he did.

And this year, like all the other years, I

went home very sad and downcast, longing for one little gift.

Mother never went to these Christmas doings because it hurt her so much not to be able to put things on the tree for us children. But she was busy at home using all her strength and time to make our Christmas as happy as possible. With what little means she could get together, perhaps from selling a few English walnuts (from our only tree), or from selling dried peaches, she prepared us a lovely Christmas dinner. It consisted of roast chicken with dressing and all the trimmings, potatoes and gravy, mince pie, English fruit-cake, plum pudding, and good homemade bread and butter. Those things were a "must" with Mother at Christmas, though it was not an English custom to spend money for Christmas trees and gifts.

One Christmas when I was a small girl, I had been wanting a doll with hair. I don't know how Mother managed to get it, perhaps when they sold some dried peaches or walnuts to a store in St. George. Mother was so thrilled about it she couldn't wait until Christmas morning, so when I awakened in the night, she put my hand in a paper sack and said to guess what was there. I felt and said, "It's got feathers on; it's a chicken." I couldn't guess what it was. The next morning when I looked into my stockings, which were usually filled with English walnuts, hard tack candy, and an orange, I found the cutest little china doll with hair. She had a head, arms, and legs of china, and a cloth body. I loved that little doll and kept it for years.



Christmases

Another Christmas when I was seven, I wanted to be sure Mother knew what I wanted for Christmas in plenty of time. I was kicking up my heels on our old wooden lounge and said, "I want a real live doll, one that can walk and talk and run over to Leda's. Will you get me one?" Mother calmly said, "Yes." That infuriated me because I didn't believe she would. I thought she was just telling me that so I'd shut up. I said, "Well, I mean it." And she still calmly promised that she would. I was amazed but said no more about it. But I had my doubts.

A few days later, early on the morning of 19 December, I heard a disturbance outside. I thought it was probably a coyote howling and settled back to sleep. When I got up that morning, Mother called me to her bedside and said, "Well, Rose Ann, here is your real live doll." And there to my surprise was my baby brother, and we named him Emil.

The Christmas of 1903 stands out in my mind above all others, as the town was visited with a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever. One, two, and three people in a family were down at the same time with that dread disease. There were many deaths in town.

Samuel Reber's family who lived just across the street from us, buried three that summer, two grown daughters, Minnie and Dora, and their youngest boy, Leo. John S. Stucki lost his daughter, Elmina, and Jacob Frei lost his eldest son, Robert. William Staheli, Erma Reber, and my sister Alice Bugler survived after being left skeletons. My brother, Ensign, also had it about the same time, but he got over it sooner. Alice was ill fourteen weeks before she could walk again.

There wasn't any money brought in that summer for our family, and our garden went to weeds. It was all the well ones could do to

take care of the sick. Mother washed every day, and Father watched by the bedsides except to do chores.

As Christmas grew near, Mother knew we wouldn't have very much that year. When we knelt by her knee at bedtime to say our prayers, she reminded us to pray that we might have a happy Christmas. Every night, we always remembered to pray for a good Christmas, and I prayed secretly that I might get a doll.

When that Christmas morning finally arrived, it looked as though our prayers had not been answered. After breakfast, Leda Hafen came over to see what we had received for Christmas, and seeing that we had nothing, she told her Grandma Hafen, who owned a store. Mrs. Hafen and her son, Ernest, went into the store and prepared gifts for all of us. There was an alligator which wound up for Ensign, a fancy work box for Ida, a doll each for Alice and me, and marbles for the little brothers, Emil and Samuel. Our Christmas turned out to be a happy one after all.

Every night, we always remembered to pray for a good Christmas, and I prayed secretly that I might get a doll.

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Covenant Restored Doll, courtesy Museum of Church History and Art.





**W**hat a  
fairy-  
land  
sight! What a  
wonderful pud-  
ding!

**Only the soul-  
sick, lonely  
man knew that  
it did not taste  
like those of  
the past.**

*Wagstaff*

## *The Plum Pudding*

by Annie C. Kimball

William Wagstaff was a successful gardener in his Bedfordshire home, where he joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and set out with his wife and seven children to unite with the main body of the Church in the promising new land of America.

The vessel *James Pennell* docked at New Orleans in the autumn of 1850, and the immigrants proceeded up the Mississippi by steamboat to St. Louis. Little two-and-a-half-year-old Rachel died on the way and was buried at a refueling depot on the river shore. The rest of the family reached St. Louis near the end of November.

About two weeks after their arrival, their mother, Mary Gilby Wagstaff, died of pneumonia, and William found himself in unanticipated trouble. Isaac and

James were in their teens, but the only girl, Mary, was merely 11; nevertheless, she tried to do the cooking, cleaning, and mending the best she could. It was December, the children's month. Even in bereavement and sorrow, the thoughts of approaching Christmas stirred remembrances of former happiness, and anticipation expressed itself in the eager questioning of childhood.

"We can't do very much for Christmas," William, feeling alone and helpless, replied to the anxious requests.

"Maybe we can have a plum pudding," suggested 13-year-old James.

"I'll try to make it," said Mary.

"Who remembers how Mother used to do it?" their father asked.

Then each offered suggestions. Isaac, the oldest, knew it contained suet because he was the one trusted to chop it with the large, sharp knife. Six-year-old Jacob remembered raisins and how his mother had slipped one to him occasionally when

## *A Home for Christmas*

by Florence McCune Lunt

Isaac Grace was born in Liverpool, England, 17 April 1820, to John and Elizabeth Abbot Grace. He married Elizabeth Williams and on 8 January 1851, accompanied by his wife and three children, started on his voyage to America. The steamer *Ellen* left Liverpool with a company of Saints. The ship-building company for which he worked offered to pay the voyage over and back to Liverpool for him and his family if he would return in a year and take up his work. However, he could not promise this.

When they had been out to sea three days, the boat sprung a leak, and Isaac was immediately called into service to repair the damage. During the voyage, Isaac and Elizabeth's 18-month-old baby died from

measles and was buried at sea.

The Saints spent numerous weeks on the water and docked at New Orleans on 14 March 1851. From there they took the steamer *Alex Scott* on 19 March, 1851, and sailed up the Mississippi to Keokuk, Iowa. Besides his own family, Isaac cared for his mother, a widowed sister, and Margaret Davis and her children. Isaac and Elizabeth were well prepared to cross the plains, having procured plenty of provisions for the journey, also two yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows.

On reaching Salt Lake City, they camped in the big field, and next day went on south to Nephi. Charles Sperry, T.B. Foote, Israel Hoyt, and Zimri Baxter had been to Nephi and put up some hay but had returned to Salt Lake City to take care of their families. Therefore Isaac Grace and his family were really the first to settle in Nephi. Having been on their journey nine long months, they



she was cleaning them. Father suggested tiny dried store currants and peel. Mary knew about flour and about boiling the pudding, all tied up in a piece of clean, white cloth.

William felt that the project was a real undertaking and, as ingredients were anything but cheap, he must move with caution. When the momentous day arrived, he decided that he himself must perform the important feat. So, with all eyes upon him and everyone helping who was large enough, he made the pudding. Then all sat down to a Christmas day feast. Poured over the treasure was a tiny measure of brandy that burned with a glowing blue flame when the lighted match was applied. What a thrilling fairy-land sight! What a wonderful pudding! Only the soul-sick, lonely man knew that it did not taste like those of the past—children are so easily pleased and satisfied.

Before another Christmas came, his sorrows were incomparably greater, as

cholera had ravaged the little family. One by one, the children had followed their mother and little Rachel to crude and hurried graves in the new land of America. Mary lived to see 1852, but only until February. A kind and gentle soul, Martha Pack, a lonely widow whom William had met on the ocean voyage, tried to help him in his sorrow and distress. They were married, but shortly afterward, she also succumbed—a victim of the merciless plague. William himself was stricken and was ill in a hospital for many months. While ill, he obtained work upon a farm where he recuperated and was able, wifeless and childless at the age of 44, to resume his journey westward in 1853.

When he was in his late 80s, he reviewed this tragic period of his life. At the conclusion of his narrative, as he brushed aside a tear, he added almost as if in sacred prayer: "I have been so thankful about the plum pudding."

**O**n Christmas day, the Grace family moved into their snug little log cabin.

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settled in Nephi in October 1851. A few days later the Charles Sperry family arrived to become their neighbors.

Before building a home for his own family, Isaac built one for his sister and then helped the other brethren build theirs; they in turn helped him. Charles Sperry helped by making mud adobe for a chimney. It was freezing weather, and the men were hurrying to complete the home for Christmas. They discovered that the mortar had frozen and decided that a fire in the fireplace would help to dry it out. On Christmas day, the Grace family moved into their snug little log cabin.

Everyone was merry as the Christmas dinner was cooking in the fireplace when the awful crash came. The frozen chimney

came to pieces and fell all over the room. With tears in her eyes, Elizabeth picked up her babies and went back to her wagon. The incident of the chimney was a sad blow, but with pluck and energy, they built it again with planks and mud. It stood until they could do better.

Grace Brothers Mill and Lumber Yard, Nephi, Utah.



Photo courtesy Utah State Historical Society, all rights reserved.



Torn between her desire to gather with the Saints and her fear of leaving

her home and family, Sarah faced a hard decision.

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## *Her First Christmas Eve in Utah*

by Lettie E. Call

It was Christmas Eve in 1868. The children were tucked in bed and Sarah Chantry Rawson sat by the tiny stove in the little house she called home and mulled over the events of her life and especially the six months just passed. She thought of when she and John Rawson were sweethearts back in England, their marriage, and their plans for the future.

John was tall with dark wavy hair and blue eyes. Their love for each other increased as their family of ten children came to them. They planned and worked together to support their large family. As the children became old enough they went to work to help with the home expenses.

The family had always been devout Christians, and when they heard the gospel of Jesus Christ preached, they opened their home to the Mormon elders for holding meetings. Then in 1851, they became members of that faith and planned to gather in Zion. Their older son Francis was married and he and his wife and his sister, Jane, were to leave their home in England and go with the Saints to Utah.

At this time, John, Sarah's devoted husband, took ill and passed away. This was a trial almost greater than Sarah could bear—losing John's counsel, his help with the family, the needed income, his companionship. And how they would miss him playing his bass violin in their home.

Brokenhearted and still in shock, Sarah was advised to immigrate to Utah with her four youngest children, taking the place of her son, his wife, and his sister. Torn between her desire to gather with

the Saints and her fear of leaving her home and family, Sarah faced a hard decision. But with faith in her religion she decided to follow the council of those in authority. In a daze she began to prepare for the long journey.

Leaving six of her ten children and her aged mother-in-law, who lived with them, she and her four younger children, aged ten years to nine months, left her home just one month from the day John passed away. After weeks on the ocean, traveling steerage under crowded, unpleasant conditions, they arrived in America. Then they took the train to the railroad terminus. Caring for the tired children not used to being confined so closely was a full-time job for a weary mother. Traveling by covered wagon, they finally arrived in Salt Lake City in September 1868.

Sarah, with her little family, was sent on to a town north, and though she did not know anyone, still there were good people to help. A very kind gentleman found her a little house and provided her with a small rusty stove, which she scoured and cleaned. When it was set up, she blackened it with the soot from the lids and polished it with burlap. By cold weather, she and her children had settled in their new home.

Although the home was scantily furnished, Sarah was fairly comfortable. With regaining strength, she worked, and by her thrift and planning, with some aid from kind neighbors, she was able to prepare for the winter ahead. She knew nothing of its severity, yet her courage to face the future had not diminished.





Letters from her dear ones whom she had left behind helped to lessen the pangs of separation, and her hope of them all joining her in the near future was pleasant to anticipate.

It must be getting late, Sarah thought, so she looked at the tiny clock she had brought with her from her home, and with the one burning candle which threw a flickering dim light in the room, took a good-night look at her sleeping darlings. Samuel was a sturdy, rosy lad of ten years; Hannah, a rather frail girl of six with heavy braids of light brown hair; Thomas, three years old, still a baby; and Harry, a year-old, just toddling about and lisping a few words. Her heart was filled with love for them, and she wondered

how she could rear them, as she and John had planned, without him.

She next looked at the row of stockings hung on the wall and turned again to look at the sleeping faces, hoping they would be happy with the little gifts she had lovingly prepared for them.

She set the candle down and knelt by her bed and thanked her Heavenly Father for His blessings that she at last was with His people in Zion, in a land of freedom. She prayed for wisdom and strength for the future.

Glancing around the room at her sleeping little ones, she blew out the candle and sought her bed to rest and prepare for her first Christmas in Zion. ▼

**S**he knelt by her bed and thanked her Heavenly Father for His blessings that she at last was with His people in Zion, in a land of freedom.



*Early fireplace oven used by the Saints.*



# Two Girls Lost in a Blizzard

*As related  
by Maude Fox*



**T**he very sound of the word blizzard should be enough to cause someone living in the Rocky Mountains to shudder, especially one who has experienced an unprotected exposure to its chilling blasts and intense cold. These sudden, unexpected, fierce mountain storms can be treacherous. Consider, then, a true incident when two young girls became lost in an early winter blizzard that caught them on their return home.

The year was 1909, when nearly all local travel was by horse and buggy. The two sisters, Lyla and Maude Fox, had begged permission to take the buggy to visit city relatives. They joyfully left in the early morning from their farm in Taylorsville to visit at their aunt's house in Salt Lake City. Two girls there, Blanche and Florence, nicknamed Bee and Flo, were about the same age as the country cousins.

The weather seemed fair that morning just after Thanksgiving with gentle winds and warm sunshine. A warm fire had been kindled in the parlor fireplace of the Salt Lake home, and the roaring blaze gave warmth and comfort as inclement weather began to threaten in the afternoon.

While the girls joyfully played in the warm house, they were unaware of the oncoming storm. Dark, low clouds gath-

ered over the Great Salt Lake and were moving east as the blustery wind increased.

Aunt Polly called to Lyla and Maude. "You girls must leave promptly, for you have at least five miles to go to the farm, and I fear the weather may turn much worse before you arrive home. Come quickly now!"

Outside, the faithful family horse, Old Duke, had been rehitched to the buggy. He was pawing at the dirt, as he sensed the approaching winter storm. The girls had often heard that a horse can usually sense danger.

They bundled well with woolen scarves about their heads and necks and with an extra lap robe as Aunt Polly expressed concern for their safety. "We'll be all right," the girls said joyfully. "We know the way home, and Old Duke will get us there soon. Our lap robes and blanket will keep us warm and the buggy is in tip-top shape."

With fond farewells, they left the warm house. Lyla unhitched the horse from the hitching post, and the two girls climbed up into the two-seated buggy. Waving more good-byes, they were off to the cadence of clippity clop, as Old Duke's iron-shod hooves punctuated the rhythm of the steady roll of the wheels. There was a sense of melody, and the girls began singing as they rode along.

Occasional flashes of lightning followed by heavy rolls of thunder added to



*The year was 1909, when nearly all local travel was by horse and buggy. The two sisters, Lyla and Maude Fox, traveled joyfully along State Street as they left their aunt in Salt Lake City to return home to their farm in Taylorsville.*







*Horse sketch by Jack Sears, 3 July 1907, courtesy Utah State Historical Society, all rights reserved.*

the atmosphere of adventure and contrasted with the somberness of the bright city now appearing gray. At first, these flashes were far off, but they soon appeared to come closer. After riding several blocks east on Second South, the girls turned south on State Street, where carriages, light buggies, heavy wagons, and even some people on horseback rushed home before the storm. The commotion seemed exciting. Lyla, the older sister at age 14, was driving, while Maude, age 12, gave her encouragement.

Both girls were confident as they merged into the traffic hurrying south. Old Duke struck up a lively trot on the long, broad road, which grandfather Jesse Williams Fox had surveyed and engineered.

After a few miles, the traffic thinned as the girls began passing small farms. Soon they would come to the village of Murray, which was starting to grow into a small city. There they expected to turn west onto a country road that wandered down a hillside. Lyla knew the way, for she had gone over the route many times.

After going down the hill, they would cross the Jordan River, including its valley and embankments, and then ascend the slope of the road.

The snow started lightly at first but soon fell faster and heavier, and the wind blew with more fierce blasts. The traffic had thinned while darkness developed and the evening afterglow faded. The lights of the farmhouses shone more dimly because of the thick snowfall.

The snow became deeper and was drifting with the wind, covering their heavy blanket, lap robes, hats, and coats. Old Duke slowed to a walk, snow piling on his back, but he shook it off and plodded onward.

The drugstore at the corner of 48th South and State Street could only be faintly recognized as they approached it. "Yes, that must be it," Lyla said. "The windows are larger than the other stores and farmhouses. That is where to turn." Then Lyla said there was a shorter way, and if they took it, they could save some time and get home sooner. Old Duke shook his head and snorted when Lyla pulled the reins to turn onto an unfamiliar street. Duke stopped, but Lyla gave him some taps with the whip, and they proceeded in a new direction. Maude felt that

Lyla knew where she was going and did not question the route.

Old Duke intermittently shook the snow off his head, neck, and back. The girls also needed to shake the snow from their covers, trying to keep warm, but it was becoming increasingly cold. By taking the shorter road, the girls could not clearly discern landmarks. The snow was blinding, the wind was more intense, whistling and even howling at times. The girls had often heard the coyotes howl on the western hills beyond the farm, and they both mentioned the howling wind and how frightening it sounded.

At times the wind even seemed to screech. The girls could sense nothing except the wind, intermittently freezing rain, then snow falling so thick it resembled a dense, dark fog. They could see nothing in any direction. Their eyes were blinded by cold, wet, stinging flakes. Their toes and hands were becoming numb. Their bodies were shivering as they hugged each other, complaining about the cold.

Maude ventured to ask Lyla, "Do you know where we are?"

"I'm afraid there are no wagons or buggies on this road," Lyla replied. "I don't know if we are even on a road. I can't see anything, no houses, no trees. I'm afraid we are lost."

"My goodness," Maude cried. "Where is the river?"

"I don't know!" Lyla said.

"What can we do? What will we do?" Maude pleaded, choking with fright.

"I don't know," was Lyla's fearful reply. "Let's both pray."

The two young girls bent down in the howling wind and swirling snow. Each said a fervent prayer while the storm of nature was at its worst. "Our Father in Heaven," they pleaded, "please save us from this storm and lead us safely home. We pray in Jesus' name, amen." Their feelings were expressed simply but reverently.

The girls could see no one to ask where they were. Calling out for help would be useless since no one could hear them above the blast of the wind. Everywhere it was dark, cold, and freezing. Maude sat on her hands to keep them warm.

Then Lyla wrapped the reins around the whip bracket. Her hands could hardly move, they were so cold. Old Duke felt the reins



loosen as Lyla whispered, "Oh, take us home, Duke. Please, take us home!"

Maude could hardly hear her sister's voice. Did Duke hear her or was he told by another source? Is there really a horse sense or is it only an oft-repeated expression? The sisters didn't know, but they imagined that Old Duke pricked up his ears. He shook the snow off his neck and body again. He stomped a bit, pawed the ground, then began to move, forward at first, then he turned. The girls were puzzled as to where he was going.

"I think he knows the way," Lyla said hopefully. He began to trot. Lyla spoke excitedly, "I believe he knows where he is going."

It was a mystery how the horse could know a route when they couldn't see a thing. Old Duke made another turn and continued at a trot.

The girls wrapped themselves even more tightly in the blanket and cuddled closer, clinging to each other in hopes of retaining warmth. They were shivering as the wind swayed the buggy. The storm worsened. Intermittent blasts of freezing rain intensified by the howling wind, darkness, and limited visibility felt like a dense fog. The sisters could no longer see Old Duke in front of them.

Soon they heard a deeper resonance of the clop, clop, clop of his hooves, and they thought they must be crossing a bridge over the Jordan River. "Oh, what if he had not turned when he did?" they wondered. Soon the iron-shod hooves sounded as if they were on solid ground again, shuffling through drifted snow.

"Old Duke did hear me say take us home!" Lyla said. "Our Father in Heaven surely must have heard our prayers." Their despair had now become hope.

Feeling the buggy starting up an incline, they knew the road proceeded up the river-side embankment toward Taylorsville, and they would soon be past the river valley.

They were on the right way home. After trotting a cold half mile, the horse made another turn, this time to the left and south. The sisters knew they were on Redwood Road, in Taylorsville.

Taylorsville wasn't even a village, just a crossroads with a store and a school. Duke increased his pace almost to a run. The wind and snow seemed to

intensify, but the girls' hearts were warmed by the reassurance that their journey would soon end.

After about another mile, Old Duke made a right turn and they were on the lane to the farmhouse. Even Old Duke's spirits seemed to lift as he increased his speed. There was the turn into the barnyard, then the turn toward the old farmhouse. Through the thick, falling snow, lights began to dimly appear. Neighing as he approached the house, Old Duke let the folks know that the girls had arrived.

The door opened wide, and out rushed their mother, crying and sobbing. "My dear daughters! At last you are safely home." The freezing girls were helped into the house.

Lyla's hands seemed almost frozen; they were white like the snow. Their mother put cold water in a wash basin and had Lyla place her hands in it to slowly thaw. The girls were seated by the wood and coal stove in the kitchen and covered with warm blankets. How wonderful to be safely home in a warm room. The others knelt in a family prayer to express thanks to Heavenly Father for their protection and for guiding their faithful Old Duke.

Immediately afterward, the girls' brothers went out into the fierce blizzard and led Old Duke into the barn. They unhitched Duke from the buggy, brushed him down, and put him in a stall. They gave him some fresh hay and a goodly supply of oats. Although the hay in the loft helped keep the barn warm, a thick blanket was put over his back. The boys patted him with tenderness, praising good Old Duke and thanking him

for his care and return of their young sisters who had been lost in the blizzard. ▼





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WIN01





# *Eighth Annual* **UTAH PIONEER SYMPOSIUM**

*By Ann Taylor Hobson*

**H**eld on 3 November, this year's Utah Pioneer Symposium celebrated the 200th anniversary of the birth of Brigham Young and commemorated those who came with him into the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The 8th annual event began with a flag raising ceremony at the historic 10th Ward chapel, 400 South 800 East, Salt Lake City. Uniformed Mormon Battalion members raised the Stars and Stripes in a cloudless sky with the royal blue and gold Battalion flag waving below it, then led the group of 100 or so participants in the Pledge of Allegiance. Following the program, attendees enjoyed a catered dinner by the 1999 Dutch Oven world champions, K&B Dutch Oven Dinners.

Sponsored by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, the program featured speakers

Richard Horsley, Phoenix Roberts, Richard Bennett, and Margaret Gasparac and Barbara Dorigatti of the DUP.

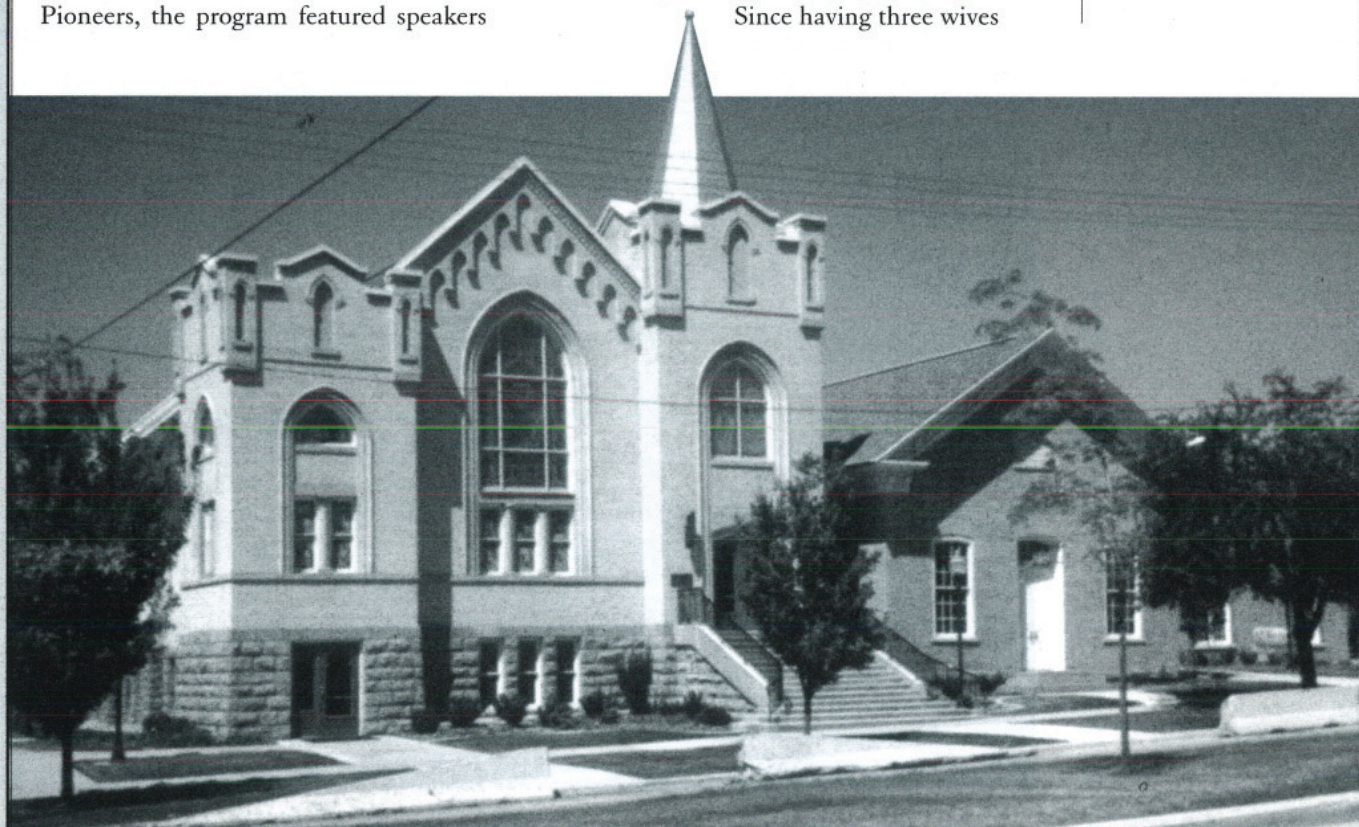
## **1852: AN IMPORTANT YEAR**

**Richard Horsley**, SUP national historian, said Joseph Smith learned of the need for plural marriage while in Kirtland and pondered its presentation and organization while in Liberty Jail in 1839. But it was not until a conference on Temple Square in August 1852, where Orson Pratt, under the direction of Brigham Young, made the public announcement that the Church was practicing plural marriage as a commandment of God. Brother Horsley said that the declaration was made at that time because numerous people were coming through Salt Lake by 1852, and plural marriage was becoming obvious. The Church had to stand up and admit to polygamy.

Since having three wives

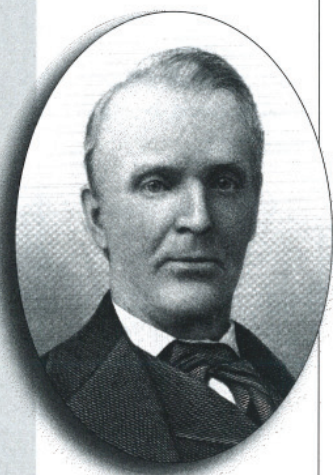
**T**he symposium provided a great opportunity for those interested in pioneer history to meet in a beautiful and intimate setting and listen to the presentations, ask questions, and share their own observations.

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**A** school-teacher, postmaster, politician, and judge, **Elias Smith (below)** was a man who earned and re-earned people's trust. His journals make it evident that he was often "the last man out" of New York, Ohio, Missouri.



*Elias Smith*

*Elias Smith courtesy Utah State Historical Society, all rights reserved.*

was enough to fulfill the law of plural marriage, most men took just two additional wives. When asked about the percentage of Church membership engaged in plural marriage, Brother Horsley said the Smoot hearings in 1904 stated three percent of Church membership was involved. But in its heyday the numbers were probably eight to ten percent of men and twenty to twenty-five percent of women.

Brother Horsley also reported that Joseph Smith, having a foretaste of his own death, put in place the Anointed Quorum in Nauvoo, to get his people ready to administer to others in the temple in his absence. Consisting of about 70 members, including nine apostles and wives and widows of Church leaders, the group's weekly meetings were reputedly very spiritual. Emma Smith was one of the Anointed Quorum and with others had almost priesthood power, such as the laying on of hands and speaking in tongues.

## **ELIAS SMITH, PIONEER PUBLIC SERVANT**

**Phoenix Roberts**, area SUP director of community relations, spoke about a pioneer whose journal writings intrigued him. Elias Smith was a participant in the major events of the building of the Church, the pioneer movement west, and the settlement of Salt Lake City. In addition he was a beautiful journal writer from the 1830s through the 1880s.

Cousin to Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Elias lived near Joseph Smith Sr.'s family and was baptized by Hyrum in 1835 at age 31. He started his first journal in early 1836 when he was serving a mission.

A schoolteacher, postmaster, politician, and judge, Elias also knew the skills of the frontiersmen, who were hunters, fishers, farmers, and builders, and who could also perform animal husbandry.

A man who earned and re-earned people's trust, Elias's journals make it evident that he was often "the last man out" of New





York, Ohio, Missouri. For five years he stayed in Iowa while others moved on. These were lonely years, as he yearned to join the pioneers passing through. He worked at whatever he could find to feed his family.

Landing in Salt Lake in 1851, Elias was named chief justice of Salt Lake County by Brigham Young at a time when there was no legal training among the Saints. One of the most respected men in all Utah Territory, Elias was asked in 1862 to petition for statehood for the fourth time and form a committee, write a constitution, and send it to Congress. As much loved and trusted by Church members as any of the Brethren, he was both respected and trusted by the Gentile community as well.

"There are those who would have us believe that Elias Smith was an extraordinary man," concluded Brother Roberts. I think quite the opposite is true. I've come to know Elias Smith as a consumately ordinary man, by his own frequent admission. However, when this ordinary man was faced with

extraordinary circumstances, he rose to meet the challenge with a combination of grit, determination, devotion and common sense that remain as an example to this day."

#### THE FINAL DEPARTURE FROM WINTER QUARTERS

Richard Bennett, professor of Church history and doctrine in the Religious History department at BYU, began with the words of a song by Eliza R. Snow, "Arise and Come Home," written about the Mormon Exodus. She wrote thirteen more verses to this hymn bidding the Saints come west.

*The time of winter is now o'er  
There's verdure on the Plains  
We leave our sheltering roofs once more  
And to our tents again.  
The camp of Israel onward move,  
Oh, Jacob! Rise and sing—  
Ye Saints! The world's salvation prove.  
All hail! To Zion's King.*

**A**rriving mid-summer at the Missouri River, Brigham Young negotiated with Indian tribal leaders to allow the advance company to settle on the west side. By September 1846 Winter Quarters was established.



One More River © by Glen S. Hopkinson, used by permission.



**The early pioneer years in Utah saw suffering among the new residents, who had no good shoes or clothing and often little food. At times even strips of beef hide were scraped and boiled and eaten.**



In February 1846 the Saints were forced from Nauvoo and began crossing Iowa, where unrelenting rain and endless mud made the journey extremely difficult. Professor Bennett said there should have been no 24 July 24 1847, because the Saints were to have made it to Salt Lake Valley in 1846. But they got no farther than Winter Quarters in fall 1846, because the Saints were unprepared to make such a lengthy journey, many were exhausted and suffering from poor health, and crossing Indian Territory was unpredictable.

Arriving midsummer at the Missouri River, Brigham Young negotiated with Indian tribal leaders to allow the advance company to settle on the west side. By September 1846 Winter Quarters was established just west of the Missouri in Nebraska as headquarters of the Church. By the end of the year, almost four thousand Saints were settled in.

Other encampments were established on the east bank of the Missouri in Iowa, including Kanesville, where the Saints had set up some fifty tiny groves or settlements, like stakes, which held another twenty-five hundred Saints. At the way stations and river towns in Iowa and Missouri, nearly five thousand Saints wintered, working to improve their economic situation for the trip west. Here the members could get their health back and plant crops in preparation for those who would follow. Sickness and death trailed the Saints, and an estimated six hundred to a thousand people were buried over an eighteen-month period in the Kanesville Cemetery.

Dr. Bennett commented,

"That's an epidemic in a population of 12,000."

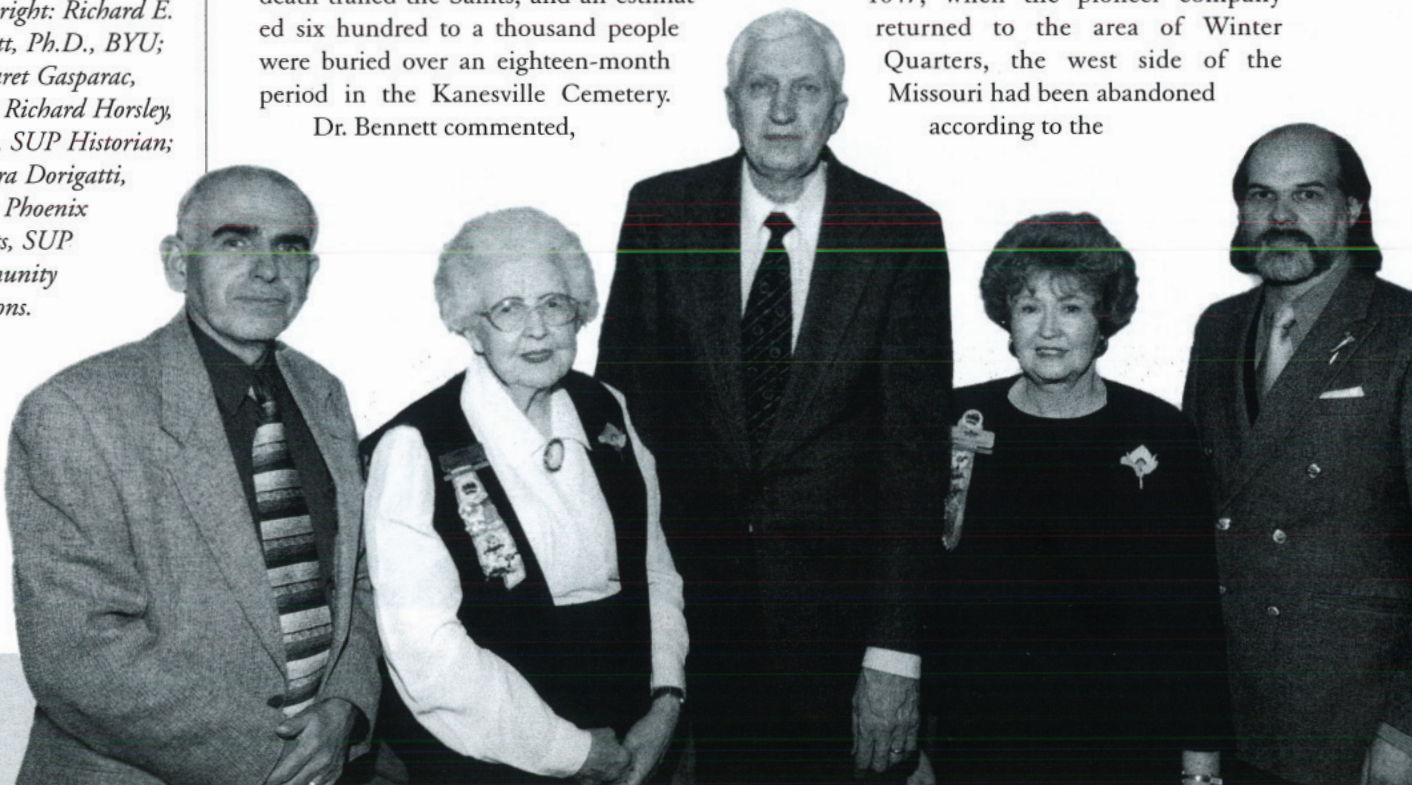
Professor Bennett told the group that Iowa began to look good to the Saints, especially the rich farmland, which produced wonderful melons, cabbage, turnips, and squash. Brigham didn't want his people to get too comfortable. In January 1847 he issued the Word and Will of the Lord, recorded in Doctrine and Covenants, section 136.

The letter, said Brother Bennett, served as a reminder of the great Nauvoo covenant the Saints made in the temple before being forced out of the city, in which they covenanted that they would help others to follow. In addition it included details of preparing for the pioneer journey and caring for those who would remain behind.

Emphasizing that in the revelation the Lord never states where the Saints are to go, Brother Bennett paraphrased, "Instead He says, 'Live a good life, repent, and you'll find the place if you follow your God. If you're going west, get ready. If you're staying, prepare for those to come by building houses and raising grain.'" Those going were asked to sell their farms and, if they were unable to get proper value, to give them to the Church to help take care of others.

Though Council Bluffs was never Church headquarters, Professor Bennett said, the site became a springboard for immigration of the Saints to the west and Brigham Young was made an apostle there. Late in 1847, when the pioneer company returned to the area of Winter Quarters, the west side of the Missouri had been abandoned according to the

*Symposium speakers, left to right: Richard E. Bennett, Ph.D., BYU; Margaret Gasparac, DUP; Richard Horsley, Ph.D., SUP Historian; Barbara Dorigatti, DUP; Phoenix Roberts, SUP Community Relations.*





promise to the Indians. Council Bluffs become known as Kaneshville in honor of Thomas L. Kane, a great friend of the Saints, and did not revert to its previous name until 1853.

On 27 December a general conference was held in a Kaneshville log tabernacle, about 80 feet by 100 feet, and a thousand members crowded in to sustain Brigham Young as the new Church president. With a sod fireplace and buffalo robes on the floor, the tabernacle became the predecessor of the Salt Lake tabernacle.

Brother Bennett concluded with a quote from the journal of George Bowering 15 May 1852.

*As for myself, since I have come to a knowledge of the principles of salvation, my heart has felt to continually rejoice in God my Saviour. I feel truly thankful to God my Heavenly Father for the flood of intelligence that continue to open unto my mind. Although at times I feel cast down in consequence of my many informalities and of having to depend upon the charity of others for many of the blessings of life. But these things have I brought upon myself? No, it is what my Creator has seen fit to lay upon me for some good end or purpose best known to himself. I will be content in all the providences of Jehovah altho. (sic) it may be hard to bear. When I give way to these feelings, my soul is overwhelmed with grief, but am I to give way to despondency, so, I will not but trust in the promises of the Lord my God.*

#### THE HATCHES OF NEW ENGLAND

**Barbara Dorigatti**, who writes lessons from personal histories for the DUP, spoke of the Hatch family, who were her "kin," as her father would say. One of the kin was Wealtha Bradford, who married Ira Hatch in 1824. At home among the Indian tribes in New York, Wealtha was able to borrow one of the two Books of Mormon left with the Indians by early Church missionaries and became the first member of her family to be baptized.

Of Ira and Wealtha's several sons who traveled west, one was the first Orrin Hatch, born in 1830 and forebear to Utah's Senator Hatch, and another was Ira, who could speak all 13 languages of the Nevada Indian tribes and became one of the great Indian translators of the period.

#### DAILY LIFE IN 1852 UTAH

**Margaret Gasparac**, of the membership committee of the International Society of DUP, talked about living conditions of early Saints in the valley. She referenced *Tales of a Triumphant People, a History of Salt Lake County, Utah, 1847-1900*, published in 1947 by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, the Salt Lake County Company.

Though there were happy times along the trail, sickness and death haunted the venture, and six thousand people died and were buried in unmarked graves. Until 1869 when the Intercontinental Railroad was connected, Sister Gasparac said, seventy thousand Mormon immigrants came to the valley by wagons and handcarts. Early colonizers established three hundred sixty communities from Canada to Mexico, California to Nebraska. The first summer, the newcomers talked to the Indians, explored mountains, and cultivated over three hundred fifty acres in vegetables and other crops.

The early years saw suffering among the new residents, who had no good shoes or clothing and often little food. At times even strips of beef hide were scraped and boiled and eaten. Indians showed them which roots could be eaten. Some weeds were cooked as vegetables and served with a milk sauce.

Each ward was its own little community, where individuals built schools and churches, wove cloth baskets, and made linen from flax, soap from yucca root, rope, cabinetry and furniture, brushes, and harnesses. Children learned to ride horses, plow fields, and dig ditches or wells.

Sister Gasparac concluded that the Saints were a happy people who enjoyed family and friends and good music. They were dedicated to their faith, valued good health, and desired to be happy.

The symposium provided a great opportunity for those interested in pioneer history to meet in a beautiful and intimate setting and listen to the presentations, ask questions, and share their own observations.

Richard Bennett commented, "It was a delightful teaching experience for me. I usually teach 19- to 24-year-olds, and it was a treat to teach before those who know so much." ▼

**R**ichard Bennett commented, "It was a delightful teaching experience for me. I usually teach 19- to 24-year-olds, and it was a treat to teach before those who know so much."

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Photo by Richard Frary.

Faith Pal

AND FAMILY TIES

JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST PRAYER

by George Manwaring

*Oh how lovely was the
morning!
Radiant beamed the sun above,
Bees were humming, sweet birds
singing,
Music ringing through the grove,
When within the shady
woodland,
Joseph sought the God of love.*

*Humbly kneeling, sweet
appealing,
'Twas the boy's first uttered
prayer*

*When the powers of sin assailing
Filled his soul with deep despair.
But undaunted still, he trusted
In his Heavenly Father's care.*

*Suddenly a light descended
Brighter far than noonday sun,
And a shining glorious pillar
O'er him fell, around him shone,
While appeared two heavenly
beings,
God the Father and the Son.*

*"Joseph this is my Beloved,
Hear Him!" Ob, how sweet
the word!
Joseph's humble prayer was
answered,
And he listened to the Lord;
Ob, what rapture filled his
bosom,
For he saw the living God.*

*"...I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above
the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until
it fell upon me.*

*It no sooner appeared than I found
myself delivered from the enemy which held
me bound. When the light rested upon me I
saw two Personages, whose brightness and
glory defy all description, standing above me
in the air. One of them spake unto me, call-
ing me by name and said, pointing to the
other, This is my beloved Son. Hear him!"*

—Joseph Smith History 1:16

By Brandi Rainey

This remarkable event, as it was related by the Prophet Joseph Smith, marked the coming forth of a new generation in Christendom and the restoration of all things. Based on this single occasion the world now has a clearer understanding of God. We know that man was truly created in His image. We better understand His relationship with our Savior Jesus Christ, and likewise, their relationship with us. They know us by name. God hears our prayers and speaks to men today as in days past. He is concerned with our salvation and will reveal all things necessary to that end. Truth was restored as a result of the boy Joseph's faith to ask. The Restoration was ushered in as a result of his courage to speak. "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving; ... that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ..."

Church history teaches us that young Joseph "some few days" after his vision set out to tell the story. He related it to many. Some quietly believed, while others objected to the mere possibility. The debate over the narrative's plausibility continues today, as the telling and retelling of Joseph's remarkable vision opens hearts to the tenants of truth, and binds families in a legacy of belief.

From the beginnings of time God's children have reveled in the power of stories. We gathered as spirits in the world before this one and listened to our Father tell us the story of his plan for our happiness. There are stories of a war in heaven, great floods on the earth, a Man who could walk on the water, and angels who came to strengthen the often feeble knees. Stories are the conduits through which we come to understand the world around us and the importance of our own unique place in it. The stories people tell define them spiritually, culturally, and socially. Studies show that men are more inclined to base their decisions, or ways of living, on faith than actual knowledge. "... Such acts of faith are always couched in the traditions and customs of the folk," as communicated through the stories they tell.

We are often reminded of the hardships the early pioneers faced as they left their homes in Nauvoo and began their trek west. Bishops, Sunday school teachers, and primary leaders worldwide share



As a people, it has become our tradition to tell stories or “bear testimony” of the things and experiences we know to be true, thus revealing the hand of God in our lives. We believe that in the sharing of our stories lies the power of conversion.

Brigham Young, the modern-day Moses, taught his pioneer contemporaries to circle their wagons, sing, dance, and tell faith promoting stories most nights on the Plains.

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stories from our pioneer legacy when teaching principles of truth and righteousness. Elder Donald L. Hallstrom said, "In the Church, powerful traditions remind us of the strength and sacrifice of our ancestors and inspire our efforts. Among them are industry, frugality, and complete devotion to a righteous cause. Others are based on doctrine and standards which may seem peculiar to the world but are consistent with God's pattern. These include chaste behavior, modesty of dress, unpolluted language, Sabbath observance, adherence to the Word of Wisdom, and the payment of tithes." In the modern Church and as modern families, we share pioneer stories to teach principles of good living. Our pioneer forebears employed the same methodology. They too told stories, as a means of entertainment, a perpetuation of their culture and value systems, and as a means of binding families to their faith.

According to folklorist Thomas Cheney, "few areas are rooted as firmly in unique lore [traditional beliefs, patterns of thought, and behavior] as is Utah. The Mormons who colonized the state went there for refuge. They had withstood the ferocity of men (who expelled them from their former homes) and the cruelties of elemental nature upon whose inhospitable lap they had fallen. The ethnic unity was developed through two unifying forces: first, belief in revelation and in their prophet leader, Brigham Young; and second, a mutual confrontation with malign nature in the intermountain basin."

Brigham Young, the modern-day Moses, taught his pioneer contemporaries to circle their wagons, sing, dance, and tell faith promoting stories most nights on the Plains. This mutual experience gave families and individuals the courage, vision, and determination

they needed to survive another day in their quest for Zion. Just as we perpetuate the pioneer legacy in learning to move forward, the pioneers told stories of God's blessing to keep them rooted firmly in the faith.

From its inception, the Church and its members found themselves on the fringe of established American society. Belief in the "Joseph Smith Story" and the restoration of God's "true" church severed communal ties and set the early Saints apart. "Their insistence that only they possessed the 'correct' way to salvation, their tendency to establish political and economic control in the areas they settled, their attempts to establish a theocratic state, and, later, their practice of polygamy engendered the hostility of their fellow countrymen ... Out of this cauldron of struggle and conflict were forged many of the stories Mormons still tell today.

"Striking episodes in the lives of Mormon prophets, accounts of miracles, prophecies and healings, the visitations of heavenly and satanic beings, the miraculous conversion of large groups of people to Mormonism, and accounts of the 'still small voice' abound in Mormon literature and circulate freely in the oral tradition of Mormon communities."

As a people, our tradition has become to tell stories or "bear testimony" of the things and experiences we know to be true. Sharing such stories builds our individual and communal belief in the power of personal revelation, the hand of God in our lives, and of Celestial salvation that awaits the faithful. We believe that in the sharing of our stories lies the power of conversion and the glue that keeps families together. The following are a few of "ours." May we tell them in faith, and may they make us strong.





**THE CASTING OUT OF A DEVIL  
FROM THE BODY OF NEWEL  
KNIGHT**

He [Newel Knight] began to feel uneasy, and continued to feel worse both in mind and body, until, upon reaching his own house, his appearance was such to alarm his wife very much.

He requested her to go and bring me to him. I went, and found him suffering very much in his mind, and his body acted in a strange manner. His visage and limbs were distorted and twisted in every shape and appearance possible to imagine; and finally he was caught up off the floor of the apartment, and tossed about most fearfully. His situation was soon made known to his neighbors and relatives, and in a short time as many as eight or nine grown persons had got together to witness the scene.

After he had thus suffered for a time, I succeeded in getting hold of him by the hand, when almost immediately he spoke to me, and with great earnestness requested me to cast the devil out of him, saying that he knew he was in him, and that he also knew I could cast him out.

I replied, "If you know that I can, it shall be done." Almost unconsciously I rebuked the devil, and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to depart from him.

Immediately Newel spoke out and said that he saw the devil leave him and vanish from his sight. As soon as the devil had departed from our friend, his countenance became normal, his distortions of body ceased, and almost immediately the Spirit of the Lord descended upon him. So soon as consciousness returned, his bodily weakness was such that we were obliged to lay him upon his bed.



Joseph Smith and Newel Knight in Prayer © by Paul Mann, used by permission.





## THE MARTYRDOM OF JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH

They were shot in Carthage jail, on 27 June 1844, about five o'clock p.m. by an armed mob of 150 to 200 persons painted black. Hyrum was shot first and fell calmly, exclaiming: I am a dead man! Joseph leaped from the window, and was shot dead in the attempt, exclaiming: O Lord my God! They were both shot after they were dead, in a brutal manner, and both received four balls.

John Taylor and Willard Richards, two of the Twelve, were the only persons in the room at the time; the former was wounded in a savage manner with four balls, but has since recovered; the latter, through the providence of God, escaped, without even a hole in his robe.

**T**he people, with few exceptions, visibly saw that the mantle of the prophet Joseph had fallen upon Brigham Young.

## HOW THE MANTLE OF JOSEPH FELL UPON BRIGHAM

On 8 August 1844, I attended a general meeting of the Saints. Elder Rigdon was there, urging his claims to the presidency of the Church. His voice did not sound like the voice of a true shepherd. When he was about to call a vote of the congregation to sustain him as President of the Church, Elder Brigham Young, Parley P. Pratt and Heber C. Kimball stepped into the stand.

Brigham Young remarked to the congregation: "I will manage this voting for Elder Rigdon. He does not preside here. This child [meaning himself] will manage this flock for a season." The voice and gestures of the man were those of the Prophet Joseph.

The people, with few exceptions, visibly saw that the mantle of the prophet Joseph had fallen upon Brigham Young. To some it seemed as though Joseph again stood before them.

I arose to my feet and said to a man sitting by me, "That is the voice of the true shepherd, the chief of the Apostles."



*Brigham Young*



**HOW WILFORD WOODRUFF  
SAVED HIS FAMILY, TEAM,  
AND CARRIAGE BY HEEDING  
THE PROMPTINGS OF THE  
SPIRIT**

In 1848, after my return to Winter Quarters from our pioneer journey, I was appointed by the Presidency of the Church to take my family and go to Boston, to gather up the remnant of the Latter-day Saints and lead them to the valleys of the mountains.

While on my way east I put my carriage into the yard of one of the brethren in Indiana, and brother Orson Hyde set his wagon by the side of mine, and not more than two feet from it.

Dominicus Carter, of Provo, and my wife and four children were with me. My wife, one child and I went to bed in the carriage, the rest sleeping in the house. I had been in bed but a short time when a voice said to me, "Get up, and move your carriage."

It was not thunder, lightning, or an earthquake, but the still small voice of the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost.

I told my wife I must get up and move my carriage. She asked, "What for?"

I told her I did not know, only the Spirit told me to do it.

I got up and moved my carriage several rods, and set it by the side of the house.

As I was returning to bed the same Spirit said to me, "Go and move your mules away from that oak tree," which was about one hundred yards north of our carriage.

I moved them to a young hickory grove and tied them up. I then went to bed.

In thirty minutes a whirlwind caught the tree to which my mules had been fastened, broke it off near the ground, and carried it one hundred yards, sweeping away two fences in its course, and laid it prostrate through that yard where my carriage stood, and the top limbs hit my carriage as it was.

In the morning I measured the trunk of the tree which fell where my carriage had stood, and I found it to be five feet in circumference. It came within a foot of Brother Hyde's wagon, but did not touch it.

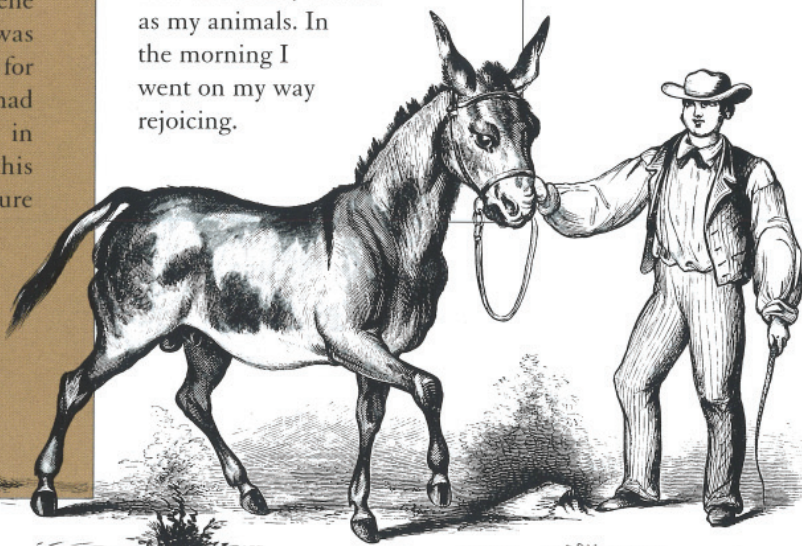
Thus, by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to me I saved my life and the lives of my wife and child, as well as my animals. In the morning I went on my way rejoicing.

**A**s I was returning to bed the same Spirit said to me, "Go and move your mules away from that oak tree," which was about one hundred yards north of our carriage.



**THIS IS THE PLACE**

When we came out of the canyon into full view of the valley, I turned the side of my carriage around, open to the west, and President Young arose from his bed and took a survey of the country. While gazing on the scene before us, he was enwrapped in vision for several minutes. He had seen the valley before in vision, and upon this occasion he saw the future glory of Zion and of Israel ... When the vision had passed, he said: "It is enough. This is the right place. Drive on."





**T**here was heard the shrill half scream, half plaintive cry of some seagulls hovering over the wheat fields. Presently they lit and began devouring the crickets. Others came, thousands of them, from over the lake.

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THE LEGEND OF THE GULLS

The grain which had sprouted early had stooled well and had a rich color which promised a bounteous harvest. But before May had passed an unexpected pest put in its appearance in the guise of millions of large black crickets which descended upon the new-made fields of grain. They devoured every blade of grain as they went, cutting day and night with unabated appetites that left the fields bare and brown behind them. The men, women and children came and dug holes, burying the pests bushels at a time but that didn't seem to affect their numbers. Then ditches were ploughed around the fields and an effort was made to drown the crickets but all to no purpose for even greater numbers descended from the hills. Fire was tried, but with no result. "Man's ingenuity was baffled. He might as well try to sweep back the rising tide of the ocean with a broom." Since the days of ancient Egypt's curse of locusts there had

probably been nothing like it. And the failure to destroy this indestructible pest meant starvation, not only to the settlers of the Great Salt Lake valley, but to the thousands of men, women, and children then enroute across the Plains. "Small wonder if the hearts of the colonists failed them. They were beaten by the ceaseless gnawing of this horde of insatiable black invaders.

"Then the miraculous happened. I say it deliberately, the miraculous happened, as men commonly view the miraculous. There was heard the shrill half scream, half plaintive cry of some seagulls hovering over the wheat fields. Presently they lit and began devouring the crickets. Others came, thousands of them, from over the lake. The upper feathers of the gulls' wings were tinted with a delicate grey, and some with the flight feathers, primaries, to be exact, were marked with black, but the prevailing color was white. As they came upon the wheat fields,

wings stretched upward and then gracefully folded, they began devouring the devourers. To the cricket-vexed colonists they seemed like white-winged angels of deliverance, these gulls. They were tireless in their destructive, nay, their saving work. It was noted that when they were filled with crickets they would go to the streams, drink, vomit, and return again to the slaughter. And so it continued, day after day, until the plague was stayed, and the crops of the pioneers saved.

"Is it a matter of wonder that the lake seagulls were held as sacred by the early Utah settlers, and that later they were protected by legislative enactments?"



Miracle of the Gulls by Minerva Teichert, © by Intellectual Reserve, Inc. Used by permission.

A NEPHITE PREACHER

In a certain community in central Utah a strange personage appeared in a fast meeting, gave a moving sermon, and bore his testimony to the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed in these latter days by Joseph Smith. At the close of his remarks he took his watch from his pocket, and told the audience that he was due to speak at that very minute in a certain ward in North Ogden, about one hundred miles away. He then immediately left the meeting, and a member of the congregation, wishing to verify the truth of his singular statement, went immediately to a telephone and called the bishop of the North Ogden ward, asking if this certain individual was there. The bishop replied that he was there and that he was speaking to the audience at that very moment.

DEDICATION OF THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE

With the completion of the temple, the Lord poured powerful spiritual blessings on the Saints in Kirtland, including visions and the ministering of angels. Joseph Smith called this period "a year of jubilee to us, and a time of rejoicing."

Eliza R. Snow wrote: "The ceremonies of that dedication may be rehearsed, but no mortal language can describe the heavenly manifestations of that memorable day. Angels appeared to some, while a sense of divine presence was realized by all present, and each heart was filled with 'joy inexpressible and full of glory.'" After the dedicatory prayer, the entire congregation rose and, with uplifted hands, shouted hosannas.

One week later, on 3 April 1836, some of the most significant events in latter-day history occurred. In the temple on that day, the Savior himself appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and said, "Behold, I have accepted this house, and my name shall be here; and I will manifest myself to my people in mercy in this house." Other great and glorious visions followed as Moses, Elias, and Elijah restored the keys of sealing. All these keys were necessary for the progress of the Lord's kingdom in the final dispensation of time.

NO FOOTPRINTS

The snow was very deep on the ground, especially so, and for days the family hadn't gone outside for anything. I don't know why they were so isolated—perhaps they were quarantined for a contagious disease—one of the children was very ill. They didn't have telephones, and the mother had no way of summoning help. In the night a knock came at the door, and a very benevolent-looking man was standing there. She described him as kind-looking with a snow-white beard. He said he had been sent and he understood there was sickness and they needed help. Her first thought was that he was one of the brethren in the ward. Then a little later she thought, "He isn't anyone I know; he isn't anyone that lives in Provo." He placed his hands on the child's head and blessed the child, and she immediately went to sleep. It was so cold and the snow was so deep that she asked him to set up to the fire and dry his feet, and when she looked at his feet, there was no snow on them and they were dry. She immediately thought he had left his overshoes outside by the door, and she asked him if he had. He looked at her and smiled. When he did speak his voice was very mellow and musical. He said he must go. She tried to prevail on him to stay, but he said he must go. She went out with him to the door, and then came in. Then she thought how strange it was how he got to the door, there was such a narrow space between the house and fence. It seemed to her that it would be impossible for him to walk around, the snow was so deep. The door was one that they didn't use at all. Out of curiosity she took a lantern, but she couldn't see any tracks in the snow, either coming or going. Only then it flashed across her that he was one of the Three Nephites. ▼

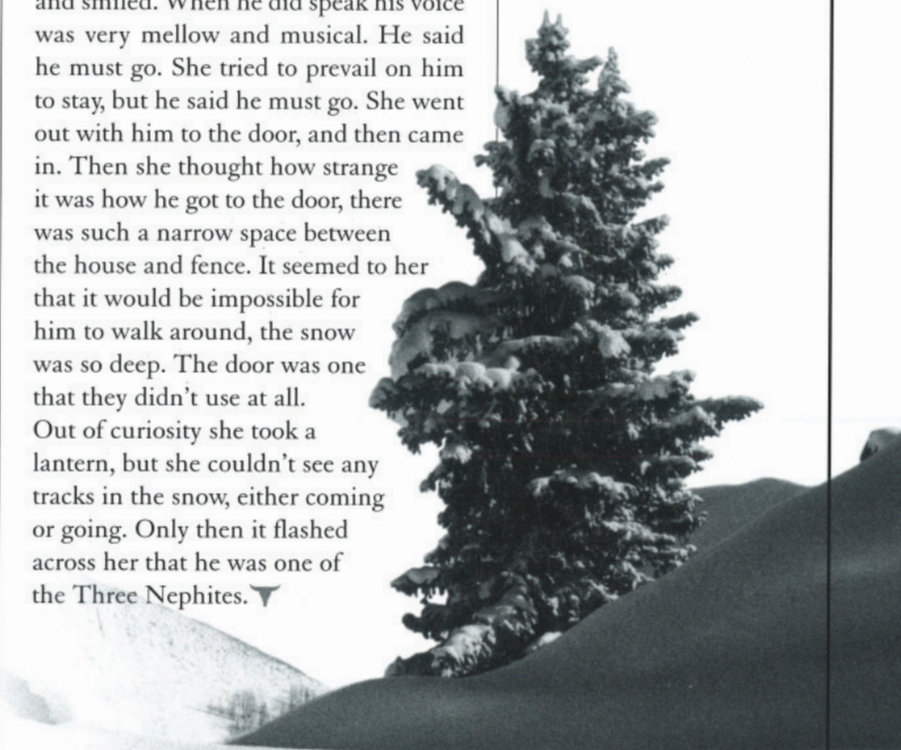
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Lewis Henry Mousley



pioneer spotlight

While passing through Ohio on his way west in search of adventure, Lewis Henry Mousley was converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in April of 1856. He followed the Saints west and was called to settle Bluffdale, Utah, and organize the first ward there.

By Nate Pilcher

In the fall of 1855 as the toothed leaves of the mighty Pennsylvania oaks began to redden and drift to the ground, one might have fallen into the fast flowing current of the Brandywine. The river would have carried it hurriedly through the Pennsylvania country side into Delaware on its way to the Delaware Bay and then, perhaps, on to the Atlantic. As it tumbled along the twists and turns of the river, it would have passed by the bank where the Battle of the Brandywine was fought. Four miles farther on to the town of Centerville, Delaware, it may have passed a young man, 23 years of age,

watching as a Mormon missionary baptized his younger sister.

When the boy was born in Centerville on 9 February 1833, his father named him Lewis Henry after two of his good friends. His family name his grandfather brought from England; it was Mousley.

Titus Mousley, Lewis' father, was an aristocratic farmer, who owned many rich acres along the Brandywine. Because of his father's wealth, Lewis received a good education, which he augmented with carpentry and farming skills.

Titus was a small man, but his son, standing on the bank of the Brandywine on that autumn afternoon, would have stood over 6' 4", making him a giant for



that time. He had to special order his clothing and shoes in order to get the right fit. Lewis' dreams were as big as he was, and soon after his sister was baptized Lewis left home and headed west in search of adventure and experience.

Nothing is known about where Lewis had planned to travel, but, whatever his plans were, they changed in Ohio. Angus M. Cannon, the man who baptized Lewis' sister, apparently had an effect on Lewis too. As he was passing through Ohio, Lewis was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ and baptized in April of 1856.

Lewis rushed to Winter Quarters, Nebraska, where the members of the Church gathered before making their way to the Salt Lake Valley. Lewis joined the first train to leave, the Philemon C. Merrill Company. In June of 1856, 200 Saints headed west to join the rest of the Church in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

For the most part the company had few problems crossing the Plains. Though many times, buffalo herds ran so close to the wagon train that the men had to shoot into the herd to scare them away. The cattle got mixed in with the bison, and Lewis and the other men had to separate them.

The cattle were easily spooked out on the Plains. One night something scared the herd and they stampeded. Various wagons were tipped over, and the company had to go out and find the cattle once more. Many of the cows had mixed with the buffalo herds and could not be found.

Even with these difficulties the pioneer company made good time—averaging 15 miles per day. By August 1856 the train arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

While Lewis was crossing the Plains, the Republican Party was calling for Congress to “prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism—Polygamy and Slavery.” The Democrats, supporting slavery, and not wanting the public to think they approved of polygamy as well, found it a convenient target. Both parties' combined persecution fell on the issue, and the Mormons were the obvious offenders. President Buchanan appointed a new non-Mormon governor to preside in the territory. Because the Mormons refused to give up polygamy, the nation believed the territory to be in complete rebellion. Buchanan thought he would have to use force to instate the new governor. In the summer of 1857 Buchanan sent 2,500 troops, known as Johnston's Army, to put



Above: photo of first church house in Bluffdale, located at about 14401 South 1700 West, facing west. Early settlers of Bluffdale made adobe bricks from mud in Crystal Hot Lakes and then laid up the walls of their first church building. Nearby bluffs of Jordan Narrows gave the town its name. Background painting: Bluffdale, by John Hafen, 1902.



Above:
Sarah Theresa
Crossgrove Mousley,
second wife of Lewis
Henry Mousley.

down the Mormon rebellion.

Brigham sent a group of men led by Porter Rockwell, to harass the troops as they approached the valley. Lewis was one of the men that made up the LDS resistance. They burned supply wagons, chased off the army camp's mules, and started grass fires to stampede the cattle—anything to slow down the army's movement—without spilling any blood. Johnston's Army, upon arriving in the deserted Salt Lake Valley, moved peacefully through it to settle in Cedar Valley at Camp Floyd.

Titus Mousley crossed the Plains at the same time as Johnston's Army. Finding his father's wagon train, Lewis became reacquainted with a former Delaware neighbor, Mary Ann Crossgrove, and the two were married in the endowment house 3 March 1858.

Life settled down for Mary Ann and Lewis for a few years, until the October General Conference of 1861. During the conference Lewis and Mary Ann, along with four of Lewis' sisters and their husbands, were called to the "Cotton Mission" to settle St. George.

The journey to southern Utah was difficult, and leaving as late in the year as they did made things worse. During a crossing on the winding Sevier River, Lewis Henry almost lost both his wagon and horses, getting them stuck in quicksand.

Upon arriving in what would be St. George, the settlers erected tents and began to organize their camp in time for one of the worst known storms to pass through the area. It rained every day for forty days, until the ground of the camp was a quagmire and the small streams were roaring rivers. It may have been at this time that Lewis' sister, young and

overwhelmed Wilhemina Mousley Cannon, exclaimed upon seeing her prized buffalo robe sinking into the muddy floor of their tent, "I wish Brigham were living here!" Because of the hard life and the unhealthiness of the area, all three of Lewis and Mary Ann's young children died and were buried in southern Utah.

The Mousley family moved back north to the Sugar House area, where Lewis was called to be bishop of the newly organized Farmers' Ward. Lewis and Mary Ann had two more children when he married a second wife, Sarah Theresa Crossgrove, his wife's younger sister. Mary Ann and Lewis had six more children while living in Sugar House, and Lewis and Sarah had three. Those years brought much sadness to the Mousley family because almost all of their children died, including four during the month of January 1879.

In 1886 Lewis was released from his position in the Farmers' Ward and sent south to Bluffdale to organize the first ward there. During his time as bishop, Lewis was imprisoned on charges of polygamy. He served as bishop for fourteen years when he was released and called as patriarch in the Jordan Stake, where he served until his death on 23 June 1913.

Lewis left a life of great potential in the East to follow his convictions. His pioneering spirit helped many along the trail to Utah and throughout life. He and his family experienced many hardships. Of his fourteen children, eleven died. Yet his testimony and desire to follow his beliefs strengthened his undeniable faith and yearning to serve his brothers and sisters and his Lord. ▼

Right: first church building also served as the school house.



SUP Chapter Highlights

• A group of 23 people from **Buena Ventura Chapter** recently traversed a section of the Mormon Trail. Traveling to Wyoming, they visited Bessmer Bend on the North Platte River, Fort Casper Museum, Avenue of Rocks, Willow Springs, and Independence Rock. They toured Martin's Cove, the Willie Handcart Site, South Pass City and the Green River Ferry crossing, and Fort Bridger. In Lander, Wyoming, President Larson of Riverton Stake talked about the stake's participation in the Second Rescue, where members researched and performed temple work for pioneers in the Martin and Willie Handcart companies. The several days' trip increased chapter members' admiration for the faith and courage of their ancestors.

• Members of **Hurricane Valley Chapter** heard Dr. Doug Alder, past-president of Dixie College and a well-versed historian, speak on the roots of terrorism and the reasons and results of recent terrorist activities. He also presented a brief history of Utah pioneer settlement patterns. The following month, Dell Stout, one of the chapter's directors, told the intriguing story of Superstition Mountains and the Mad Dutchman's lost gold mine.

• Robert and Linda Dalley, originators and curators of the West Jordan Historical Museum on 7800 South and 2035 West, spoke at the **Jordan River Temple Chapter** about the museum's beginnings and plans for its future. The following meeting featured the Ray Martinez Musical Group, performing classical, Spanish, and western music.

• **Mills Chapter** guest speakers in recent months have included Emma Lou Thayne, Malan Jackson, and William G. Hartley. Ms. Thayne is the author of fourteen books of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry, as well as the words to the hymn, "Where Can I Turn for Peace." The hymn has been trans-

lated into many languages and sung by groups worldwide, including the Mormon Tabernacle Choir at General Conferences. With deep pioneer roots, she has told stories to international audiences as well to her five daughters and nineteen grandchildren.

Dr. Jackson served an LDS mission to Hong Kong and was the first mission president in Taiwan. He has been involved with Hong Kong since his mission, working in banking, business, government, and education. In May 2001, he received the first Mongolian Friendship Medal and recently was granted an honorary doctorate from Olgontenger University in Mongolia.

Associate professor of history at BYU, Bill Hartley has been writing LDS history full time since he joined Church Historian Leonard Arrington's staff of research historians in 1972. Because of his work on LDS emigration history, Professor Hartley was one of three historians to make the entire 59-day Seatek journey. His history of Mormon frontiersman John Lowe Butler won two Best Biography awards in 1984.

• At a recent **Pioneer Chapter** luncheon of fathers, daughters, and granddaughters, the 2001 Days of '47 Royalty spoke of the examples of faith, sacrifice, and determination of pioneer ancestors. Allison Martin, queen, is a senior at BYU, majoring in broadcast journalism. Her parents are Peggy Aikins-Martin and Edwin Martin. Chelsea Yara Adams, 1st attendant, is the daughter of Steven and Tamara Nelson of Murray. She is studying music and drama at BYU. Sharon Belnap, 2nd attendant and daughter of Kerry and Cynthia Belnap of Orem, is completing her senior year at BYU, graduating in English.

Other guest speakers recently were Douglas and Vickie McDonald, who were attending a conference at the World Trade Center on 11 September 2001 and shared their experiences of that day's events. Douglas is the chief economist for the Utah State Tax Commission.

Members also had an opportunity to

Sons of Utah Pioneers chapters around the country are busy making a difference in their communities as well as fostering a feeling of fellowship among their members. Here are a few chapter highlights.

(If you would like your chapter's activities included in this summary, please send pertinent information to Pioneer Magazine, 3301 East 2920 South, Salt Lake City, UT 84109. You can also e-mail us at sonsofutahpioneers@networld.com.)

NEW MEMBERS

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 Herman S. Adams, LSL
 Cueto V. Anderson, HV
 Gary G. Ballard, LSL
 Nils G. Bayles, LSL
 Lowell Bennion, Mills
 Clair D. Benson, LSL
 Elwood D. Benson, LSL
 James L. Benson, LSL
 Lloyd A. Benson, LSL
 Ralph V. Benson, SLC
 Charles H. Blackburn, CC
 Richard W. Burt, CEN
 Rex D. Burton, AL
 Neal Portman Busk, AL
 Michael L. Cardon, BE
 Richard C. Clyde, AL
 Douglas Seely Dahl, AL
 Steven I. Dahl, AL
 Edward A. Dalton, AL
 Lloyd Meeks Dalton, LSL
 Gail B. Duncan, CC
 Jack W. Ekker, AL
 Charles L. Fillmore, BY
 Edward Green, AL
 Kendell O. Gurr, LSL
 Gary David Hansen, BY
 Ronald A. Larsen, LSL
 Alma Carlyle Lawrence, AL
 Spencer W. Lemmon, AL
 Kent Lindsey, AL
 Cecil Jacobsen, AL
 Jerry Earl Jolley, AL
 Gary Marthews, AL
 Richard K. Mayfield, Cen
 Loren E. Michel Sr., LSL
 Ivo D. Mills, Cen
 Kenneth Walker Orton, AL
 Robert K. Passey, AL
 James L. Petersen, Har
 Duane Kimball Phippen, BE
 Charles Pocock, AL
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 Sid Smith, AL
 Leo M. Stevenson, OGP
 Rod Stone, AL
 Richard R. Taylor, CC
 Karl J. Thalman, BY
 Lyle McLean Ward, TP
 Ted J. Warner, BY
 Michael Warren
 Wimmer, OGP
 Gordon L. Woolf, OGP

hear William B. Smart, former editor of *The Deseret News*, who has published six books dealing primarily with Utah and Mormon history, and his wife, Donna, who taught English at East High School and published *Mormon Midwife, the 1846-1888 Diaries of Patty Bartlett Sessions*.

•In October the **Pioneer Heritage Chapter** built a concrete sidewalk and bark path so visitors can reach the site of a monument commemorating the Brigham Young Industrial Center and the Parley P. Pratt Golden Pass Road. Howard W. Hunter, then president of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, dedicated the memorial in October 1992. The 489th Engineering Detachment of the 1457th Engineering Battalion of the Utah National Guard excavated the route and formed the path to the memorial at the small Hillcrest Park on the northwest corner of Stratford Avenue (about 2560 South) and 2000 East, Salt Lake City.

•Arman and Birgitte Peterson presented a slide and videotape talk to the **Salt Lake City Chapter** about their experiences aboard the Seatrek's *Swan Fran Maklum* brigantine. A hardy group of adventurers reenacted the migration of pioneer ancestors from Europe to the United States in the nineteenth century. Participating in the sailing ship adventure, the pair returned to their roots, as Arman has Scandinavian ancestors and filled a mission to Denmark, which is where Birgitte was born and spent her early years.

•**Washington Chapter** members made a trek to the old oil well digging south of St. George, where Bob Steed guided the group and told the story of the well and the explosion which killed several men. The chapter is contributing to the Virgin River Bridge plaque, relating the story of the unruly river, erected by the Historical Society of Washington City and the town's citizens. Members are also participating as hosts of the Washington City Museum, which has opened at the Old Washington School.

•The **Ogden Pioneer Chapter** installed two new monuments in October. Monument #104 is of granite and features two bronze plaques, one indicates the original campus of Weber College near downtown Ogden and the other marks the original Moench Building. Dr. Paul Thompson, Weber State University president, unveiled the monument. Monument #94 is mounted at Stoney Point, marking the Indian Trail along the mountains west of Liberty and Eden, where members of the Peter Skene Ogden party probably walked. Trappers, mountain men, and pathfinders followed the Indian trails and the Mormon settlers did the same.

The chapter also reports that Elder M. Russell Ballard dedicated This Is the Place Heritage Park cemetery, which contains the remains of thirty-three of the first people to die in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. The cemetery was discovered in 1986 during an urban renewal project in downtown Salt Lake City, and the bodies were re-interred at the present site.

Chapter Eternal

In loving memory of our SUP brothers who have recently joined their pioneer forebears on the other side of the veil.

Pioneer rejoices in the lives of these good men and extends its sympathies and good wishes to families and loved ones.

Allen D. Cochrane
Tooele Settlement Canyon Chapter

Richard Byron Mendenhall
Washington Chapter

Arlo Prisbey
Cotton Mission Chapter

Rodney M. Simonsen
Buena Ventura Chapter

E. Dwain Buchanan
Buena Ventura Chapter

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The *Pioneer* is published quarterly and is funded from three sources: a subsidy from the SUP organization, subscriptions, and advertising. "The *Pioneer* is not a self-sustaining publication," observes H. Alan Luke, National SUP president. "Costs of producing the magazine are rising, and the national organization has great difficulty covering the costs. But we are also very reluctant to stop publication of such a fine and valuable magazine."

Consequently, the SUP has created an SUP Pioneer Trust Fund, which allows interested individuals to donate any amount of money to preserve and continue the publication of the *Pioneer*. There are no administrative costs charged to this fund; all money collected goes directly to the Pioneer Trust Fund.

"Our intent is to raise sufficient monies that the interest from the trust would cover the necessary costs," explained John Anderson, associate publisher.

Donations, which are tax deductible, can be any amount, and donors will be recognized in every issue of the *Pioneer*. "Several SUP members and other *Pioneer* subscribers have contributed to this fund and we are grateful for their participation," Brother Anderson observed. "We encourage all *Pioneer* readers to help in this worthy endeavor."

Some individuals have expressed the intent to endow the *Pioneer Magazine* in their family trust or will. If requested, the SUP can offer legal assistance in these matters.

